

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up, you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—Strand Magazine.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominoes and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. This clever Coffee Substitute was recently produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee is made from pure toasted grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No 20 or 30 minutes tedious boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. Sold by J. C. Nolte & Bro.

The English of It.

A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the army and navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The English woman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman!" she sighed. "She was married twice."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Problem Unsolved.

A story is told of a young man in England, a great chess enthusiast, who was so annoyed at his failure to solve an apparently simple problem that he vowed he would neither sleep nor eat until the solution was found. He shut himself up in a disused room and was found four days later by his relatives terribly emaciated and out of his mind. He spent a year in a lunatic asylum as a result of his rash vow, and the problem remains unsolved.

Nervous Break-Down

Nerve energy is the force that controls the organs of respiration, circulation, digestion and elimination. When you feel weak, nervous, irritable, sick, it is often because you lack nerve energy, and the process of rebuilding and sustaining life is interfered with. Dr. Miles' Nervine has cured thousands of such cases, and will we believe benefit if not entirely cure you. Try it.

"My nervous system gave away completely, and left me on the verge of the grave. I tried skilled physicians but got no permanent relief. I got so bad I had to give up my business. I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. In a few days I was much better, and I continued to improve until entirely cured. I am in business again, and never miss an opportunity to recommend this remedy."

MRS. W. L. BURKE,
Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

A LITTLE ONE SIDED.

An Exchange of Presents That Was Not Wholly Satisfactory.

John Mitchell, the labor leader, was discussing on one occasion a labor struggle of the past.

"You see, they didn't give us a fair deal," he said. "It looked fair on its face, but really it was like the deal of Harvey Barr of Braidwood."

"Harvey Barr, a successful lawyer, had a wonderful talent for getting the best of people. Even at home he kept this talent in play. His wife said to him one morning:

"Harvey, dear, this is the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. What are you going to give me?"

"This is what I am going to give you," Harvey answered affectionately, and he handed his wife \$15 in crisp, fresh bills.

"Oh, thank you! And what shall I give you?" the gratified wife asked.

"That meerschaum pipe I've been admiring so long," Harvey promptly announced.

"In the evening on his return home the pipe awaited him. It had cost just \$15. He lit up and began to color it carefully. But as the evening wore on his wife seemed ill at ease.

"Where is my present, Harvey?" she said at last fretfully.

"Why, my dear, Harvey explained, 'you gave me a pipe. I gave you \$15. Don't you see? We're just even.'"

St. Louis Republic.

A Millionaire's Baby

attended by the highest priced baby specialist could not be cured of stomach or bowel trouble any quicker or surer than your baby if you give it McGee's Baby Elixir. Cures diarrhoea, dysentery and all derangements of the stomach or bowels. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by A. R. Fisher.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Hayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeleland in 1896 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire:

Chamberlain, London:

Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

John D. Gregory left yesterday for a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. R. N. Hudson, at Versailles. After spending a few days there he will go to Estill Springs. Mr. Gregory thinks that his visit will prove very beneficial to him physically.

During the night.

At a dinner during an Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who after dinner sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B's. She asked if butter flew because tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

The Ita Palm.

In the moonlit garden overlooking the sea no sound was to be heard save the petulant plaint of the mosquitoes, angry at being disturbed at their food.

"Come," said the host, "let us go and sit under the ita palm. They won't bother us there."

In comfort under the ita, he went on:

"This tree is from the Orinoca delta, the home of the Warau tribe. The Orinoca delta is infested with mosquitoes to an incredible degree. The Waraus, to escape them, live in a palm whose odor the mosquito can't put up with.

"This is the palm—the ita—which makes the naked Warau mosquito proof bed. A handy thing it is among these salt marshes to have in a garden too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Costly Eyeteeth.

"I guess you must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place in Turkey and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"A dragon, O my beloved, she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight,' says she—'never!'

"Then, by far, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, bangin' away at the dragon from the window turn and turn about.

"By crissus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wanstome, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE TREATY TREE.

Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.

The "treaty tree," the original American Hague, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river, Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.

As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:

"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:

"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.—Kansas City Star.

The Overtired Conductor.

When the horse cars were in existence there was a greenhorn known as John who conducted on the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street lines. He boarded with his two aunts, who lived on Catharine street, between Thirteenth and Broad. One day his aunts thought they would take a ride with John and see how he was getting along, so they waited for his car. Soon the car began to get crowded and passengers got off and on at every square. John began to get angry. At last he became so exasperated at having to stop so often that when an old lady asked him to stop at Chestnut he bawled out: "I'm darned sick and tired pulling the bell. It's nothing but stop here and stop there, stop here and stop there. Away with youse all down to Catharine street with me aunts, and you get out in a bunch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two of a Kind.

"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"

"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.

"Then you own a home?"

"N-no."

"That's strange. May I ask your business?"

"I'm a real estate dealer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."—Philadelphia Press.

To the Strict Letter.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."

"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"

The colors on the artist's palette make no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Gelkie.

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GEO. H. WILSON, Supt.

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir. Some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor molding next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual Reluctance.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am."

"Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—Pascal.

Boys' Life Saved.

My little boy, four years old, had a severe attack of dysentery. We had two physicians; both of them gave him up. We then gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy which cured him and believe that saved his life.—William H. Stirling, Carbon Hill, Ala. There is no doubt but this remedy saves the lives of many children each year. Give it with castor oil according to the plain printed directions and a cure is certain. For sale at Severs drug store.

English Army Horses.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to himself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called his "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.—London Army Journal.

Something Comic.

Brownbidge (to waitress who has handed him a newspaper)—Ain't yer got nothing comic? I likes to have something funny to look at while I'm a-heating. Waitress—There's a looking glass straight in front of you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake but remember the name Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y. 504 Avery, bottle.

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" Rockport.....	7 15 a.m.	*2 15 p.m.
" Cannelton.....	7 15 a.m.	*2 15 p.m.
" Tell City.....	7 25 a.m.	*2 22 p.m.
" Troy.....	7 35 a.m.	*2 32 p.m.
Arrive French Lick.....	10 20 a.m.	5 45 p.m.
Arrive West Baden.....	10 30 a.m.	5 55 p.m.

*Daily Except Sunday.

ROUND TRIP RATES—LIMIT 30 DAYS.

Evansville to French Lick....	\$3 16	To West Baden....	\$3 20
Rockport " " " " " "	2 52	" " " " " "	2 56
Cannelton " " " " " "	2 72	" " " " " "	2 76
Tell City " " " " " "	2 60	" " " " " "	2 64
Troy " " " " " "	2 44	" " " " " "	2 48

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His Dream.

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

How It Happened.

"True, the night was dark, but he appeared to jump deliberately in front of the automobile."

"Force of habit. The poor fellow was an actor and naturally dived for the spot light."—Kansas City Journal.

Pain will depart in exactly 20 minutes if one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets is taken. Pain anywhere. Remember! Pain always means congestion, blood pressure—nothing else. Headache is blood pressure; toothache is blood pressure on sensitive nerve. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—also called Pink Pain Tablets—quickly and safely coat this blood pressure away from pain centers. Painful periods with women get instant relief. 20 tablets 25c. Sold by All Dealers.